

HEARD AND SEEN :. A Column FROM and FOR Everybody :. By BILL PRICE

IF YOU BUT TRY.

There's always something you can do to help another mortal through. This life when all seems dark and blue.

You can extend a helping hand to him who struggles hard to stand. When nothing comes out as he planned.

If you but try.

You can direct his erring feet and cause him to be more discreet. About life's problems he must meet.

If you but try.

You can instill within his breast New hope and courage; and request him to go on and do his best.

If you but try.

You always can help out somehow. No matter what goes wrong. I vow. By stepping up and acting now.

If you but try.

Then you will not be chance forgot To do a kind act, and I bet You will have no cause to regret.

If you but try.

There's always something you can say To some sad soul along the way. To brighten up life's darkest day.

If you but try.

A cheerful word will do a lot To make one's sorrows be forgot. And you will have no cause to regret.

If you but try.

You can help to make life worth while And shorten every weary mile. By greeting others with a smile.

If you but try.

You can protect the innocent And weak from harm, as I be content That God is in and do his best.

If you but try.

You can be clean and do what's right. And lead dark souls into the light. So they can better their sad plight.

If you but try.

So let it now be understood. That you, yourself, can do some good. On this earth, and know you would.

If you but try.

Some men get good money for being convincing talkers; others are equally well paid for keeping their mouths shut. There seems to be room in this world for all.

FRED VETTER.

Now, Bill, you ask contris to be brief. To make their stuff short and snappy.

So, aren't a deaf and dumb bride and groom. Just "unspeakably happy."

MINNIE.

TAIL LIGHTS ON COWS AND CALVES

Dear Bill: A Fresno, Cal., farmer failed to hang a tail light on one of his calves; it strayed into the road; a motorist collided with it, and sued the farmer for \$229 damages to his car. He insists that stock should obey the traffic laws.

MOTORIST.

CHUCK BLUFFS IN GOTHAM :. By O.O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK'S Four Hundred leaps from the silken covers every week or so to learn that another Prince has become a Quince.

The suave young cavalier with crested calling cards who made a perfectly dandy fourth at bridge turned out to be an apple polisher—or something—from Sauk Center, Wis.

If you have a bluff aching to be chucked—welcome to our city. This is the place to chuck it. And the sky is the limit.

Go over the trail. And if you think this is a sophisticated and suspicious city you need careful examination.

The grilled doors of mansions have been thrown open to so many humbugs that you would imagine something would be done about it. But nothing is done. Barnum spake a mouthful.

Within my brief memory of New York I recall the ex-factory hand from New Britain, Conn., who posed as the last of the Bourbons, descendant of King Louis XVI, who was the central figure among a season's debutantes at Sherry's and Delmonico's.

Then Stephen Weinberg, of Brooklyn. He posed as a lieutenant commander in the navy and introduced Princess Fatima to President Harding. He is now in Atlanta making little ones out of the larger ones.

"Count Bernard Francis Seraph Gregory"—stable boy, servant and jailbird—whose real name was Gruenebaum. He was given a reception by Mrs. John Jacob Astor.

"Lord Gray," son of a Glasgow cab driver. He duped the British war office, came to America and married two heiresses.

"Duke d'Estanbant," seeped over from Tenth avenue, where he was a gambling-house runner, and sat in opera boxes with the elite. He had arrived from Russia in a steerage six months before.

Then there was Prince Zerde-cheno Salde, picturesque Oriental potentate from Kurdistan. In reality a Chicago automobile salesman and the glibest prattler of the lot.

There is truth in the very old song: "The world is so full of a number of Princes."

"A few of 'em royal, and some of 'em Quince."

It is real comic opera to sit on the side lines and watch the entrances of the royal four-flushers. They need very little scenery—a high hat, frock coat, a Persian rug tie, gold headed cane, and, most important of all, crested calling cards. Zip! Right keramack

SOME "BEST" THINGS.

The best law—The Golden Rule. The best education—Self-knowledge. The best philosopher—A contented mind. The best medicine—Cheerfulness and temperance. The best war—the fight against one's own weakness. The best music—the laughter of a child. The best art—Painting a smile on a face that is sad. The best science—Extracting sunshine from a cloudy day. The best illumination—Flashing a ray of hope into a despairing heart. The best biography—the life that writes "Charity" in the largest letters. The best mathematics—Multiplying the joys and dividing the sorrows of others.

FLORENCE N. HOAGLAND.

Bill Price uses the best of our stuff. And the Office Goat gets the rest; So, "Bill Price" is and the old goat. We've a column that is the best.

LULU M. SCHULTZ.

YOUR FIRST PUPPY LOVE.

Dear Bill P.: For some reason there comes to my mind my first case of puppy love. We were in the fifth grade and she sat in row F, seat 5. I had it quite bad. I used to spend every penny I could get my hands on buying candy to divide with her. I thought she was heaven itself, but we had some words one day because she acted sweet toward another fellow with curly hair. She stuck her tongue out at me, and it was all over.

The Old Column is such a great place for the human things of our lives that it occurs to me the readers and contributors might find some pleasure recalling their first or second cases of puppy love and how it turned out. So give 'em a chance to tell their stories and then print them, please.

KAYDON.

Izzy—"Today I was out to look at Washington's monument. My goodness, but it is so high."

Dizzy—"Vell, if you i-tinkin' of buyin', take from me a leedle tip an' wait until a leedle bit longer. Everything will be lower by another year. Sure!"

HARPERS FERRY.

HER BUSY MORNING.

A housewife got up cross one morning and "fired" the kitchen range; "mopped up" the floor; "put out" the wash; "swept down" the stairs; "shook" the furnace; "darned" the socks; "cut" the wood and "cleaned up" things generally, all because her husband had used her face powder jar as an ash tray the night before. Don't some people get mad easy?

W. E. HAYGHE.

WHO REMEMBERS?



WHEN BATTENFIELDS' "GRAY-BAT" WAS THE SPEED MARVEL OF THE POTOMAC AND SUPPOSED TO BE THE FASTEST SPEED CRAFT IN SOUTHERN WATERS



WHEN THE EASTERN BRANCH AND THE POTOMAC WOULD FREEZE UP AND YOU COULD SKATE FROM BENNING D.C. TO ALEXANDRIA.

WHEN NEW YEAR'S EVE WAS CELEBRATED IN THIS STYLE AND EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY AND REVENUE AGENTS WEREN'T HEARD OF AND THEIR WERE NO TRAFFIC REGULATIONS AND PLenty OF COAL IN THE COAL-BIN. (BRING BACK THOSE WONDERFUL DAYS)

"DAY BY DAY."

Day by day in every way. We get less, yet more we pay. Prices seem to upward soar. Up high today, tomorrow more. Our children will be old and gray. E'er things return to the old way. When a dollar made you "feel a king."

Today it won't buy a "gol darn" thing. In every way, and day by day. We get "trimmed" in "hold-up" way.

In fact, it seems that everyone, Now robs us daily, just for fun. We may (?) grow better day by day; But I can't see it in that way. I will agree with "Coke"—the line We get ten cents' worth for our dime. "PANSY BUSH."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Lamenting his wife's waning interest in him, a friend advised him to use the lover's tactics that he won her with to win her affections.

"I'll do it!" and, instantly acting on the sudden resolve, he went home and, entering the house boyishly noisy, grabbed his wife and nearly suffocated her with bear-hugs and kisses.

The shock was too sudden. Instead of the smile of gratitude and pleasure, he had expected she wrathfully struggled free and bitterly moaned, between sobs: "Baby swallowed a button, the cat died, the cook quit, my nice roast burned, the plumbing is leaking, and—NOW you've come home drunk!"

C. J. MENASCO.

WHY SHE DID IT.

Her name was Priscilla O'Hare. But she carried one hand in the air. Not because it gave her a pain, but to show it again and again. Her betrothal gift—a diamond solitaire.

H. SMITH.

"Moonshine Pete" says: "If jazz is on his last legs then I am a dead one."

NAUTILUS.

EARLY MORNING.

IN THE COUNTRY—At 4 o'clock the noisy cock. Booms forth a lusty crow. To tell each hen and all the men To work they soon must go.

The horses neigh for oats and hay. The pigs begin to squeal. The cattle low to let you know That they, too, want a meal.

IN THE CITY—

The rattling car keeps up its jar From bedtime till it's light. You try your best to get some rest, While mad enough to fight.

SAM SIMPLE.

MUST BE A GREAT BAND.

From Portage (Pa.) Press.

We feel it is incumbent upon us to say a few words of praise for the Citizens' Band of Portage. On two occasions lately we have listened to them discourse sweet music to the people of this village; under the leadership of Arthur Callen they are fast becoming a credit to this town, and being composed of young men having the asset of learning now at their command that will at each rehearsal be instilled in their brain that time should not eradicate, but will form a nucleus that will give them more knowledge of this art and in the end they will be a credit to this town, themselves and to the community.

We do not state this on account of the leader being a relation of ours. We merely give credit where credit is due. We are not ashamed to say when hearing them play away from home: That is the Portage Band. Listen to them closely when playing, the perfect union of the notes blended together when each instrument is required will make them soon the leaders of the county. The paved street now will afford them an egress for outdoor practice.

THE SEARCH FOR CLIMATE :. BY GEORGE ADE

ONCE there was a gentleman of the deepest dye who was all out of Kelter. He felt like the Symptoms on the outside of a Bottle. He looked like the Picture you see in the Almanac entitled, "Before Taking."

When his Liver was striking back at him he had a Complexion suggesting an Alligator Pear.

He could see little Balloons drifting about in the deep-blue Ether. His Tummy told him that some one had moved in and was giving a Chafing-Dish Party.

This poor, stricken Gloomer had time-tabled himself all over the Universe, trying to connect up with a Climate that would put him on his Feet again.

He had deluxed himself to remote Spots that were supplied with Steam Heat and French Cooking, together with Wines, Liquors, and Cigars but no matter what the Altitude or the Relative Humidity, he felt discouraged every Morning when he awoke and remembered that presently he would have to rally his Vital Forces and walk all the way to the Tub.

It was too bad that a Clubman, so eminent Socially, should be thus shot to Rags. When one with a spending possibility of \$2 a Minute is told by a Specialist to drink plenty of Hot Water, the Words seem almost ironic.

To show you how he worked at recouping his Health, once he spent a whole Summer in Merrie England. He had been told by a Globe-Trotter that One lodging within a mile of Trafalgar Square could hoist unlimited Scotch and yet sidestep the feeling of Remorse.

The Explanation offered by members of the Royal Alcoholic Society is that the normal state of Melancholy is such that even a case of Wilkes merely blends in with the surrounding Drabness. He learned to like the Smoky Taste and could even take it warm, but still he felt Rocky, and up to 3 P. M. was only about 30 per cent. Human. One evening he heard about the wonderful Vin Ordinaire of Sunny France. He was told that the Peasants who irrigated themselves with a brunette Fluid resembling diluted Ink were simply staggering with Health.

So he went motoring in the Grape District and played Claret both ways from the Middle. Every time the Petrol Chariot pulled up in front of a Brasserie, he would call for a Flagon of some rare old Vintage squeezed out the day before.

By Dick Mansfield



IT'LL BE APRIL BEFORE SHE STARTS MELTING



WHEN YOU FIRST GOT THE IDEA IN YOUR HEAD THAT THERE WAS NO SANTA CLAUS AND HOW YOU'D LIE AWAKE NEARLY ALL XMAS EVE TRYING TO GET AN EYE FULL



WHEN GOOD HOPE HILL WAS THE MECCA FOR TRUCK SLEDGING AND YOU'D GO FROM THE TOP OF THE HILL CLEAN TO OLD HARRISON ST. IN ANACOSTIA.

ONE ADVANTAGE A BACHELOR HAS IS THAT THERE IS NO WIFE TO JESS ABOUT HIS TIE ONCE HE GETS IT ADJUSTED.

UNCLE EPH.

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Notwithstanding this brave Effort to overtake Health, he would feel like a frost-nipped Turnip when the matutinal Chanticleer told him that another Blue Dawn was sneaking over the Hills.

Then he heard of the wonderful Air and Dietary Advantages of Germany. It seemed that the Fatherland was staging a Come-back because every Fritz kept himself saturated with the Essence of Munich.

So all the way from Dusseldorf to Wohlgebaum he played the Circuit of Gardens with nice clean Gravel on the Ground and Dill Pickles festooned among the Caraway Trees. Every time the Band began to breathe a new waltz he would have Otto bring a Tub of the Dark Brew and a Frankfurter about the size of a Sash Weight.

But the very Treatment which developed large and coarse-grained Holmes seemed to make this Son of Connecticut just about as gimp as a wet Towel.

At last he headed for the barbaric Region which an unkindly Fate had designated as Home, almost convinced that there was no Climate on the Map which

"REVOLUTION BLUES."

When nations start to prosper. And all warfare seems to cease. Someone starts a revolution. That destroys the reign of Peace. When prospects seem the brightest. And the ways of peace prevail. Two factions start to fighting. It was never known to fail.

Once 'twas Mexico that battled. Through the revolution stage. But when her wars subsided. The style was all the rage. Shure nix it was the Irish. That plunged into the fray. To fight a revolution. In the good old Irish way.

ACROSS THE SEA TO ASIA.

Sped this over-present pest. To start some merry battles. And destroy the nations' rest. When good will seems prevailing. 'Tis a time men always choose. To start this hateful warfare. I've got those revolution blues!

J. H. HOLMAN.

A "PARTNERSHIP RESOLVED."

"BRIDGEPORT" says a friend of his down in Virginia read this notice:

"The partnership resisting twixt Mose and he is hereby resolved. Those that the firm owes see Mose; them that owes the firm; see me."

THAT "CLARENCE CLUB."

Dear Bill: What has become of the "Clarence Club" that the Clarences of Washington were going to organize. A while ago everybody blessed with that dizzy name was crazy to form a club. Why can't we begin over to establish such a club. The name Clarence means "illustrious," and we've got nothing to be ashamed of.

CLARENCE R. C.

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FOR FLORIDA.

Next day the Sufferer would collect his folding Trunks and Head-Ache Tablets and Hot-Water Bags and start for Florida or California or the Piney Woods.

But Florida seemed to enervate him. California was too unsettled. And the Piney Woods only made him Pine more than ever.

One Summer Day, when he was only about three Jumps ahead of a Cataleptic Convulsion, he had to get on the Cars and take a long ride to inspect some Copper Mines which helped to fatten his impotent Income. The train was bowling through a

HAVE THIS WEEK. AFTER THEN HOLIDAYS

Dear Bill: We are having so many different weeks now, I'm just thinking if a good, old-fashioned "Spanking Week" might not improve things all over the country? It should be for the special benefit of over-indulgent parents who let their offspring do about as they please. Such a week might teach many present-day youngsters to respect and venerate fathers and mothers more than they do.

W. S. B.

SCATTER SUNSHINE.

Now as we prepare to greet a new Yuletide. When peace and good will should prevail. Oh, may we all in harmony abide. Remembering those whom we as-sail.

Begin at once to diffuse glad cheer; Choose pleasing words and wear a smile; Encounter some downcast one now near, Intruding not, yet helping all the while.

Today is the time you have in sight; The morrow many may never see. Endeavor to make each moment bright; Nearer bliss your path will lie.

H. SMITH.

"Yes, my wife believes in a fifty-fifty proposition, as between husband and wife—that is, 50 per cent of my salary for her to spend on herself and my 50 per cent to spend—on her," I heard a chap remark.

PETE.

ONCE AGAIN!

To Bill and the fans: Greetings jolly, Heaps of holly. Real good times for all, By golly!

OIDONO.

COMPLETE IDENTIFICATION.

The two lawyers arguing a disputed law point in the police court became much excited. They began to call each other names. "You're an ass," said one. "You're a liar," said the other. The magistrate interjected: "Now that you gentlemen have identified each other, kindly proceed with the case."

F. D. Q.

STUNG! THE FLAPPER AND THE "POOR FISH"

Oh! She was good looking—a blonde and all that; She would even look good in any old She was all for you, she just let you on; She made you think the world was a Until one day, without warning fair, She gave you the gate, gave you the air; She even gave you an key stare. She didn't consider your half of the The time spent in foolishness, dinners, She asked everything of you, but when she was through She merely broke off, and now she is laughing at you.

W. D. S.



IT IS THE ONLY TOWN I EVER FOUND WHERE YOU CAN LIVE WITHOUT WORKING.

Loving Gurus—find the path to the upper crust strewn with roses. All one has to do is to rise up on his hind legs, bray a symphonic poem and you can't keep the shrimps away with a net.